¶ The proude wyues pater noster that wolde go gaye, and vnbyd her husbonde and went her waye.

¶ Anno Domini. M. D. L. X.

On hye feest dayes whan wymes go gaye
To chyrche with grete deuocyon
Theyr prayers deuoutly for to saye
Theyr thynkynge is on thys lesson
Or they go forth them selfe to trym
Both heed and brest on foote and hande
I swere to you by swete saynt sym
The selfe they thynke angels well to vnderstãde

Theyr beautous be hauyour & cõtenaũce demure
They thynke full pleasaunt for to beholde
But for to go gay ye may be sure
They muse full often and many folde
And how they myght best to passe brynge
Eche as gorgyous as other to go
In theyr aparell gyrdell and rynge
And other trym knackes many mo.

To chyrche they be come this is no lye
Vnto theyr pewe there for to knele
Reuerence doynge to the otherby
with countenaũce meke and becometh thẽ wele
Than syt they downe eche gossep other by
Beholdynge theyr aparell of eyther syde
yf the one be gaier than the other that doth eſpie
Than she thynketh her selowe set all full of pryde

yet to her deuocyon she dothe her set
And Pater noster she doth begyn
But to gay gere her hert doth fret
And thynketh how she may such gay gere wyn

Hayenge to her selfe what fortune haue I
That my felow so gorgyous is in her gere
And I syte here so poorely her by
But it shalbe amended by god I swere

¶Qui es in celis, and that within shorte whyle
Or elles my husbande full sore it shall repent
For I can nought gete of him by fete nor wyle
But all shall be myne now that I in hãdecã hent
From him alway whatsoeuer betyde
Tyll I be arayde as other women be
I wolde not haue ought for no maner pryde
But only bycause it is a good syght to se

¶Sanctificetur nomen tuum
Lorde halowed be thy name
yf to such gere I may come
Than shall I bere bothe porte and fame
As other women in euery where
Do alwaye where as they do wende
Go feete and freshe and trymme in theyr gere
In the best maner as them doth to pretende

¶Adueniat regnũ tuũ, thy kingdom come to vs
After this lyfe whan we hens shall wende
But whyle we be here now swete Jesus
As other woman haue suche grace in me sende
That I may haue lorde my heed into wrap
After the guyse kercheses that be fyne
And theron to sette some lusty trymme cap
With smockes wel wrought loude w sylkẽ twyne

¶ Fiat voluntas tua, thy wyll fulfylled be
Lorde god alway as thys tyme dothe requyre
And as my goſſep that ſytteth here by me
So let me be trymmed nought elles I deſyre
Therfore yf it may be in any wyſe
For thou haſt power therof to do thy wyll
To make me go gay after the beſt guyſe
For reaſon it is with ryght good ſkyll

¶ Sicut in celo et in terra, in heuen as in erthe
It is alway ſene, go we neuer ſo ferre
That women aboue all the beaute bereth
And without gay gere our beaute we marre
Therfore good lorde let thys be a mended
And gay gere to were that I may haue
Or elles my lyfe wyll haue an ende
For very pure thought, nought can me ſaue

¶ Panem noſtrum cotidianum
Our dayly brede lorde wyll alſo do wel
But of dyuers cornes I haue many a corne
At home in my barne for to ſell
But ther with lorde I dare not mell
For feare of my huſbande that kepeth me ſo hard
A buſhell therof I dare not ſell
For yf he wyſte the game ware marde

¶ Da nobis hodye, gyue vs thys daye
And ſpecially me my lorde that am heuy at hert
Tyll I haue my wyll lorde a parte I ſaye
Of my deſyre lorde, or elles I muſt lyue in ſmarte

with that full maruaylously can she syght
And in a swone halfe gan she fall
Her fellowe beholdynge that wofull wyght
And wondred full sore than here with all

¶ Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, now
Mercy good lorde and forgyuenes what is thys
I was neuer thys a frayde I make god a vow
Good lorde sayd she than what meaneth thys
And her lyttell fynger than wronge she fast
Her to reuyue and gaue her swete spyce
So she vp sterte than at the laste
Lyke a trym gossyp that layne wolde be nyce

¶ Sicut et nos dimittimus debytoribus nostris
As we do forgyue lorde so let vs be forgyuen
And than to her she dyd saye without nys
ye had a shrode fyt by swete saynt steuen.
Gossyp myn, how is it wyth you nowe
what is your grefe, now I you pray
yf I can ease you by god anowe
I wyll be redy both nyght and daye

¶ Et ne nos inducas in temptacionem
Let vs fall into no temptacyon now
with that, the other reuyued then
Ryght sore dysmayde ye me trow
And to eche other they gan say
why be ye thus sad my gossep dere
Tell me the cause, now I you praye
For yf it lay in me now I wil amende your chere

¶ Sed lybera nos a malo, delyuer vs from all yll
Raggis and iaggis this wyfe gan to reherse
yf I may not go gay I shall my selfe spyll
I pray you gossep dere, vnderstād well this verse
My husbonde is harde to me bothe day & nyght
And doth me not regarde but let me go euē thus
Not as other do but as a wretched wyght
But yet it shalbe mēded I hope by swete Jesus

¶ Amen, sayd the other I pray god it be so
For ye haue good ynought this I do know well
Of good marchaundise so mote I the
As any is here in this countre to sell
For his degre but he is a frayde
That he sholde passe his state or loke on hawt
Thanbehynde your backes it shulde be sayd
yf he fore amys, that it were all your fawt

But cōpetenly take the thyrde peny of his gayne
And bye therwith both kyrtell and gowne
Than yet shall ye leaue hym alwayt wayne
So do we most parte throughout the towe
Or elles we shold neuer haue halfe our gayes
That we haue ywys ye may be sure
But properly thus we fynde the wayes
With ringes and beedes to go full demure

Rybandes of sylke that be full longe and large
With tryangles trymly made poynt deuyse
For some folke it were full grete charge
Therfore all thynge by mesure by myn aduyse

But as for you ye may be bolde
To do som what more than other maye
yet it wold make your husbondes herte full colde
If he so harde be and wretched as ye saye

That he may not se you go as other do
And haue it so well as he hath in store
I wolde haue my fyne hoose and eke my trym sho
with other knackes many a score
yf I were as you be, I sayth I swere
Somwhat sholde be solde ỳ he shold not knowe
ye haue to sell so dyuers gere
He can not know all by god I trowe

Yet may I reioyce alway ywys
For my husbonde is glad whan I go trym
He wolde thynke I dyd full sore a mys
yf I wente not freshe by swete saynt sym
He doth reioyce in my gay gere
whan he do se me put it on
And wolde I shulde it often were
For I shall haue newe whan myn is done

O good lorde, happy be ye
That haue so good a husbonde by god in thyne
Among a hundreth ye shall not fynde thre
Of all our neyghbours that hath such a one
yf god wolde that myne were as your is
I wolde be as mery as byrde on bere
But hys herte is so set on couetyse ywys
That he can neuer be of good chere

And than causeth me often for to wepe
whan I thynke on hys vnkyndenes so grete
I can not ete nor drynke nor slepe
For grete heuynes my herte dothe bete
But throught your counsayle my gossep dere
I hoppe the better for to spede
And for to go gayer another yere
with myrth and ioye my lyfe to lede

That I may be accepted with euery man
whiche me beholdeth bothe ferre and nere
without your helpe no rede I can
But by your good counsayle amende is my chere
Thys holetn you my hope I sete
And without you I am but dede
Lusty fresshe gere how I may gete
And to go trym in lusty were

Well gossep than do after me
And ye shall neuer repente ywys
I swere to you by Mary so fre
It shalbe well that nowe is amys
beware of one thinge, your tōgue go not to large
And for dere your husbonde whan he is grame
Speke neuer to hym of such charge
with euyll mode, for that were shame

yf ye of hym wyll suche thynge haue
As ye desyre for to go gay
with louynge countenaunce ye must it crame
And with fayre wordes to hym say

My husbonde dere I you requyre
Take no displeasure with my worde
what socuer of you I do desyre
But this must be done in bed or at borde

¶ My louely husbonde my spouse most dere
To you I must nedes talke my mone
As reason requyreth ye be my fere
And no body elles but you alone
Thus I must desyre you with all my herte
Take no displeasure what euer I saye
For yf ye do, it wyll me smarte
And forthought I shall dye this is no nay

whan he this hereth than he wyll muse
And meruell what your request wyll be
yf he be gentyll he wyll not refuse
No reasonable thynge I hope perde
ye shall than say, ye lacke that or this
And begyn with that thynge ȳ ye haue most nede
I dare say than withouten mys
The sooner of hym than ye shall spede

with small tryfels ye must begyn
Of hym to get gay gere in store
Or elles of hym ye shall nought wyn
And thus may ye dayly encrease more and more
Of gorgyous gere grete plence to haue plenty
And all with his good wyll for that is best
yf ye it so get so god me saue
Than may ye were it with peas and rest

¶ yf he do not gyue you than good comforte
Speke ye no more but than be ſtyll
But ſtreyght to his wares reſorte
And therof take ye what ye wyll
yf he play the chorle playe ye the ſame
And let hym not know no more of your mynde
God gyue all chorles mekyll ſhame
That to theyr wyues be vnkynde.

¶ yf he be gentyll take nought hym fro
Ly tell nor moch whatſoeuer betyde
For yf ye do it wyll tourne you to wo
Than folke wyll ſay that it cometh of pryde
Se what debate this folke haue nowe
And all bycauſe the wyfe wolde go gay
I ſwere to you by god auowe
ye were better byde ſtyll in your olde aray.

¶ Therfore beware be not ratſhe
To do or ſaye that ſhulde hym dyſpleaſe
But yf he be churliſſhe gyue hym a dalſhe
Thoughe euer after it ſhulde hym dyſeaſe
Amonge his wares ſpare not at all
For halfe is yours as well as his
Therfore as nowe counſeyll I ſhall
Gyue vnto you by heuyns bliſſe

To do entenſo and be not a frayde
For leſe nor loche why ſhulde ye not
The ſaute wyll all to hym be layde
Of any one that hereth that

That he so chorlyshe to you is ay
And wyll not be frendly as other be
Grete shame of him than wyll they say
So to be serued well worthy is he

And worse be god withouten fable
yf worse may be by any meane
Consyderynge that he is not vnable
It ought on you for to be sene
Somwhat better for very pure shame
Than it is now by reason and ryght
For he is worthy to haue the blame
yf he wyll be suche a wretched wyght

He can not haue to moch displeasure
That hath a yonge wyfe and wyll not her trym
I wyshe them care and sorow out of measure
And specially them that be lyke vnto hym
Myrrours of myschefe we may them call
That kepe theyr wyues so bare and poore
To many one it dothe befall
Thrugh such menes to make a good wyfe a hore

In hore: yf may it swere by god aboue
They may be wretches that so do
which causeth theyr wyues to chose new loue
Thought it sholde tourne them to great wo
So vylaynus they be in euery where
vnto theyr wyues in euery houre and tyde
yf theyr wyues do go, ought trym in they, gere
They say they do it than for gret pryd

And all this is but ialousy god wote
That thys doth cause I know it well
Hangeth be such husbondes by the throte
Or elles the deuyll cary thew away to hel
That ialous be eyther erly or late
Upon theyr good wyues that be so mete
God sede the stryfe and euer debate
And a vengeaūce vpon them both day and weke

As for my husbonde I nede not to crawe
But fyftes and flaues yf I wyll optayne
ynoughe of them I may loone haue
Thus dare I not speake for feare of payne
For no such thynges but I know we another
I shall from hym stele both day and nyght
I swere to you by goddes dere mother
Dis bagges I hope to make full lyght

yf he may not se me than go gay
I thynke not longe to tary here
But pryuely together what I may
And chose me than another fere
For I can not lyue this in wretchednes
I wyll leue hym bare ynow
It is to me great heupnes
To lede this lyfe I make god auowe

With that all seruyce in the chyrch was done
These wyues homewarde dyd take the waye
For fast it drewe than towarde none
And so they departed and adewe gan say

Whan she came hit me thys sory wyse
Her husbonde full mery there dyd she fynde
She coulde no lenger abyde for her lyse
But nedes vnto hym she must breke her mynde

To proue whether he wolde be to her kynde
She gan him flatter after the newe guyse
And soone her hert she gan vnbynde
Sayenge to hym that in this wyse
My spouse mooste worthy, my husbonde derr
I pray you take it for no greke
What soeuer of you I do desyre
But gyue my herte now some releke
As I hope ye wyll, and therto be glad
And say me not nay whatsoeuer betall
And than for euer I must be sad
Thus in your hande it doth lay all

My trusse is hole in you set
So many wyues in thys parysshe be
That go full fully and trym set
A pleasure for theyr husbondes it is to se
And now me thynke ye be well moued
wherfore the bolder I to you speke
As to myne herte mooste best beloued
Or elles a sonder myne herte wolde breke

Delyrynge you with mynde and wyll
To gyue me now some goodly gay gere
Some lusty newes my backe to hyll
with gyrdelles and rynge for your loue to were

As other women do for theyr husbondes loue
So let me do for yours I pray
Than wyll ye bynde me my selfe to moue
Grete good of you alway to saye.

¶ I am not able to perfourme your wyll
In gyuynge to you that I not haue
It is neyther reason nor yet good skyll
Suche thynges of me now for to craue
ye se your selfe that I do spare
And with symple clothes that I do go
Honesty wolde ye sholde helpe me care
And lyke in parell that we sholde go

Let vs lyue as we haue done ere
And passe not our bowses in no degre
To put our selfe in great daungere
For your small pleasure it were great pite
How tometh now such thynges in your mynde
That ye desyre me to do such cost
ye spende your labour and wynde
And all your wordes be but lost

Alacke good wyfe were thys your wyll
For to go gay aboue your estate
And wolde be glad to fulfyll
All your desyre yf it were not to late
But I am ferre behynde the hande
As now dere wyfe more than I say
An hundred pounde ye shall vnderstande
With in this moneth I must nedes pay.

¶ Towarde the same wyfe I me haue
Twenty pounde in syluer nor golde
which doth make so god me saue
whan I theron thynke myn herte full colde
Therfore good wyfe take therof no grefe
For I am mor able as tyme requyre
Excepte I shoulde therof be a thefe
And that I thynke ye wyll not desyre

For that were a shame I tell you playne
As well for you as it for me
with shame for my trespas I shoude be slayne
And hanged full hye vpon a tre
Than men wolde say there hangeth a thefe
which wolde thamefully wolde greue your herte
It is no nede for to as heme
A shamfull name that wolde be fraule to smarte

¶ Thus answere she had this good wyfe
That her herte sonke into her hose
And wery she was ryght sore of her lyfe
But with her husbonde she dyd no more glose
Sodeynly she set her handes on her syde
And sayd than cayfyfe god gyue the wo
I tell the playne it is for no pryde
But onely with other wyfes for to go

That was myn entent and nothynge elles
But seynge it wyll no other wyse be
I shall make the a hode and set it full of belles
which shalbe marked in all this countre

Though euery man knew it I set not a flye
And what I do, now I ne care
within shorte whyle thou shalte well spye
That I shall make thy bagges full bare

¶ With that from the borde thys wyfe gan go
And bad hym beware of her euyll wyll
Sohe sayd for euer she wolde be his so
And do her best hym for to spyll
Therto she wolde labboure bothe day and nyght
with all the helpe that she coude make
And that she coude get with mayne and myght
Another sholde spende it for his sake

¶ The man was wroth here with pwys
And wandred full sore what his wyfe ayled
He toke vp hys hande and hym dyd blys
wenynge to hym that her wyttes had fayled
But it was not so on mychele she was set
The deuyll hym selfe coude not her tourne
Though he with staues her sholde haue bet
which made full sore his hert to mourne

¶ Than was he bewayled all in wo
Right pyteously he dyd complayne
Thynkynge alway what hys wyfe myght do
Hym thought for sorow his herte was slayne
Bycause hys wyfe was set on rage
what best was to do he hym bethought
Her furyous anger to a swage
Her mynde he perceyued was set to nought

Fayne he wolde her let, this good honest man
And hepe her in goodnes as he had done ere
Alas he sayd no rede I can
Of myne vndoynge I stande in feare
That she wyll me robbe by day and nyght
Than fare well my ioye and my solas
Many a man hath wronge and moch vnright
Thrugh theyr falle wyues, alas, alas

And so am I lyke me doth thynke
For such one is able a man to marre
For thought I can neyther ete nor drynke
So sore is my hert set now in care
Yet wyll I not my selfe caste awaye
Thought she wyll be lewde and also bad
With costly garmentes I wyll not ray
For my destruction to make her glad

I thynke she hath founde some vilaine knaue
That wyll helpe her to cary away my store
Yet I truste that god wyll me saue
And preserue me from her daunger for euer more
For a cursed wyfe is worse than a fende
If I me bleste he can me not dere
But this cursed wyfe where euer I wende
Putteth me in doubte and great fere

Wherfore I dare not go out of the dore
Lest she me begyle and go her waye
With some lewde knaue to play the hore
And me vnto for euer and aye

yet to my curate I wyll hye
And shewe hym of my grefe what I do ayle
To knowe yf he remedy
Me of my wo or ought me auayle

¶In this meane whyle hys wyfe was gone
Unto her gossep to shewe her grefe
The good man founde hym selfe alone
Withouten comforte or relefe
Than streyght to the chyrche he gan hym dresse
Unto the curate which he there founde
All redy reuest goynge to messe
And toward the aulter he was bounde

¶This man abode tyll masse was done
For to take counsayle of hys curate dere
Whan he hym met tyght soone anone
He made his mone with heuy chere
After all gretynges to hym thus he sayd
Syr I you requyre of counsayle nowe
My wyfe doth make me so sore dysmayde
That I am lyke to dye I make god auowe

¶With shorte conclusyon his mater he tolde
How it began and how it befell
Twene hym and his wyfe ỳ made his herte colde
But euer the preest bad hym do well
And god sholde helpe hym euer at his nede
yf he dyd trust vnto his grace
Alway the better sholde he spede
And heuen at the last he sholde purchase

yf she wyll be nought and not amende
And thou entende euer well to do
Good grace god shall vnto the sende
whan she shall lyue in care and wo
Go thy way home and take no thought
But euer take hede what so befall
For such one as doth set her to nought
To vndo a man she careth not at all

This man dyd after the curates rede
And home full soone he dyd hym hast
But whan he came there his herte dyd blede
He spyed that his labour was all in wast
And that his wyfe had ben there before
And spoyled all that she myght cary
Of shorte endes and money that he had in store
No legger with him that she wolde bary

Thus was the good man vndone for euer
God gyue all such wyues care
For after that day he saw her neuer
But of his welth she made hym bare
Now Jesu that is heuen kynge
Graūte all good wyues that fayne wolde do well
The ioyes of heuen at theyr endynge
And to be preserued fro the paynes of hell

Such Pater noster some wyues do say
Another were better for theyr soule helth
As here doth folow so sholde ye pray
And than ye sholde euer lyue in welth

¶ Here after folowyth the golden
Pater noster of deuo-
cyon.

THe father of heuen omnipotent
Of nought all this worlde dyd create
In paradyse he made Adam a pure innocent
And for his comforte Eue to hym was allocate
The serpent by fraude made them obstynate
wherby they loste their mansyon ioye and blysse
Tyll by thy mercy they were regenerate
Pater noster quies in celis

¶ O blessed lorde of thy grete bountye & goodnesse
That sent thyne owne sonne to be incarnate
The ouergynall synne of Adam to redresse
By vertue of deth of Chryst immaculate
which is our brother by proue cartyficate
And thou our father throughout chrystendome
wherfore let vs merely without debate
Synge, Sanctificetur nomen tuum

¶ Chryst Jesu our kynge and his mother dere
Be in our nede our socour and comforte
Oure soules from synne to preserue clere
That the flame of charyte in vs reporte
To whom that we may resorte
with blyssful armony bothe all and summe
Swete Jesus for vs exhorte
That vnto vs, Adueniat regnum tuum

¶ Infuse vs with grace lorde in contynaunce
In euery malady, powerty and tribulacyon
Perfite pacyence to kepe thy perseueraunce
For any wrongfull troudle or veracyon
That we without grudge or exclamacyon
Say and pray, fiat voluntas tuas
Wyth and low thy myght operacyon
So be it, sicut in celo et in terra

¶ Upon shere thursday thy dyscyples thou fedde
In fourme of brede wyth thyne owne deite
By vertue of the wordes of thy godhed
Bade them thyne owne body accipite
And eate, whish for you betrayed shalbe
A preseruatyf agaynst deth moost holsome
Our peticyon good lorde, da nobis hodye
That sayne, panem nostrum cotidianum

¶ Whan mortall sinne had vs deuoured
And haue forgoten thy holy conuersacyon
Yet let vs not vtterly be confounded
whom thou demyd by thy byter passion
But washe vs with penaunce by full contrycyō
Thou one and thre trinitas sancta
whan we requyre the by proclamacyon
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.

¶ Any creature hath vs offended
And trespassed forgyue we all those
That they offence may be amended
Our mercy and pyte to them dysclose

That whan to god our passage ꝑpose
That of his mercy habounde ẏ we may not mys
Forgyue vs good lorde, sicut et nos
Dimittimus debitoribus nostris

Another peticion we aske our father
That we be not ouercome by temptacion
But we to Chryst our owne broder
Call for ayde and obtayne remissyon
And of our synnes clene to haue absolucyon
By mercyte of the brygpt sterre of Bethelem
To whom we pray with humble deuocyon
Et ne nos inducas in temptacionem

¶ The father, the sonne, and the holy ghost
Thre persones vndeuyded, and one in essence
Make in vs trynyte by thy power moost
Thy body, thy soule, thy godhed in presence
So conserue vs here in thy absence
To vse well syue and obserue temne
That deedly synne combre not our conscyence
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen

¶ Finis.

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